

Have you got a little of it? Do you pray for God to give you more? Then obey the call, leave all, and follow Him.

YOU MUST be a man whose eyes have been opened to see the great need of whole-hearted workers, and whose ears are open to the cry of the helpless and perishing.

YOU MUST have your brain sanctified for the Master's use so that you will be able to think, scheme, plan, and put into practice anything and everything that would help you to win a soul.

HERE WE ARE, handicapped, all for want of good people to follow Jesus and rescue the lost.

We are sending twenty officers to Canada to help on the war, and can open twelve harbors and coverts before this year passes away if we can only get good, Holy Ghost soldiers to fill the gap, and suitable buildings to open fire in. Will you obey?

Ask the Lord to tell what He would have you do.

What would Jesus do if He were in your place? Follow Him at all costs.

"HOW LONG last ye between two opinions?"

Let the fishing nets and your business go. Here is a chance to be a fisher of men, not for three or four months in the year, but every day and every hour, till you go "sweeping through the gates." Can we have your services?

Will you be a soul-winner?

Do you love Jesus more than the fish you have caught, or father, mother, brother, sister, houses, or lands, yea, and your own life with all its prospects?

If so, volunteer at once.

Juniper Tree's HOLINESS : DIALOGUE

WITH
Milk and Honey.

Introductory.

Juniper Tree, who has been to some special meeting, and heard the leader expound the pith of holiness, is awakened to a sense of his need of more of God and his duty to his fellow-men. He meets Milk and Honey on his way from work, and they engage in conversation on the subject.

The Confab.

Juniper Tree.—"I say, brother, that was a fiery and sensible discourse we heard the other evening about being given up to God."

Milk and Honey.—"Yes, it was grand; it stirred me up; it was like adding fuel to the fire."

J. T.—"I believe that the consciences of those who listened must have been touched. I saw myself as never before. I feel I must get the victory over my weaknesses."

M. & H.—"Yes, we must have the victory over ourselves if we want to be of service to God and humanity."

J. T.—"Well, can you tell me how I can overcome this fear? I have prayed and prayed, and yet I don't seem as if I can get the ministry over it."

M. & H.—"There must be something wrong, Juniper. You know the Lord answers the earnest sincere prayer from a sincere soul. And if your prayer is not answered there is something in the way. Did you ever make a full consecration of yourself to God?"

J. T.—"When I came to Him for salvation, I gave up my life, received pardon, and have given my testimony to the time when God saved me from my sins."

M. & H.—"Yes, but have you not at times been dismaliated with yourself?"

J. T.—"Often. I have felt I ought to be better, and do more for God. Then fear has taken hold of me, and I have given up seeking to improve."

M. & H.—"You say it is fear that is keeping you back from launching out to do something for the Lord. But what is the cause of this fear in your heart? Are you held down by any desire for sin?"

J. T.—"I often am tempted and feel that I must give in."

M. & H.—"Does the temptation come from within or from without?"

J. T.—"Well, I sometimes try to re-

press the feelings which rise when I am tempted."

M. & H.—"But look, Brother Juniper, everybody is tempted, more or less, but that is not sin. The best men that ever lived have been tempted, but the temptation was not the Wesley says, 'I can't prevent evil thoughts from coming into my mind than I can help birds flying over my head, but I can prevent the birds from building their nests on my head, and hatching their young there. So that it is not the temptation, but it is the desire to yield to that temptation within the heart which is sin."

J. T.—"Well, but is not the desire to sin present with every one?"

M. & H.—"No, it is not. It is possible to live without the desire for sin. We are told very distinctly that every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

J. T.—"I am convinced in my own heart, Milk and Honey, that there is victory for me and my men to have it all cost."

M. & H.—"Right it is. Don't rest till you have the blessing of a clean heart. From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you, is the promise to us. If I can be of any use in helping you into the light I shall be pleased to do all in my power; but don't forget, Juniper, that it is only the blood which cleanses from sin. Cast yourself on God, claim cleansing through His promise in Jesus Christ, and God will give you deliverance."

J. T.—"Yes, I won't hesitate any longer, but will be out-and-about for God. I have been half-hearted and indifferent long enough."

M. & H.—"That's the best thing to do. Settle the matter now. I will pray for you. God bless you. Call round for me on your way to the business service to-morrow evening. Good-night, Juniper."

"Good-night, Milk and Honey."

The fitting climax to the above conversation was the beautiful sight of two Salvation soldiers in the bandbox at the back of the barracks, both donning caps and purity rings with God. One of them, Milk and Honey, was successful in pointing the other, Juniper Tree, to the Blood which cleanses, and both left the room happy in the possession of "THE BLESSING OF A CLEAN HEART."

Mrs. Major Jewer Received Properly.

CHARLOTTEFORT, I. E. L.—After our officers farewelled and left for council, the question uppermost in our minds was "Who will be our next leaders?"

At soldiers' meeting we committed the matter to God, promising to stand by them faithfully. When we heard for a certainty from the comrades who attended council that Mrs. Major Jewer, Capt. Newell, and Lieut. Hamilton were coming, we were pleased.

Although the train did not arrive until between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, a large number of soldiers and friends were on hand, and we gave them a warm welcome.

Our Major was there with a team, and they, with one of the Georgetown officers, were driven to the quarters, where others of the comrades had supper ready.

WE WELCOME Mrs. Jewer, also, for her dear husband's sake, who labored so faithfully with us, and who has so recently gone to his reward. Dear little Jimmy, how much he resembles his father. May he walk in his footsteps and be an great a warrior as he.

The meetings on Sunday were scenes of refreshing and power. At night we had TWO BACKSLIDERS, one an old soldier when Captain Jewer was stationed here. He is going to be sworn in again in a short time. Two more will be next night (Sunday), and others throughout the week. The indications are that God is going to pour out His Spirit abundantly. Hailie-Jah!—Treasures Just.

If you can't do the works you like to do, pray that you may like the work you have to do.

As we must give an account for every idle word, so must we likewise for our idle silence.

There are no promises in the Bible for those who hunger and thirst after the hall room and theatre.

FASTING AND FINANCE.

BY W. T. STEAD,
Editor of the "Review of Reviews"



W. T. STEAD

too much to say that if for one week every Nonconformist in the land were to dedicate to a self-denial fund the money which he usually spends in tobacco and in strong drink, some of the financial difficulties of the denominations at home and abroad would vanish.

Like Ghosts at Cockcrow?

If the poor Salvationists, with so slight a margin for economy, can raise within their borders in one week \$250,000, who can calculate the sum which the Church of England could raise if her members were but touched by the same enthusiasm of self-denial. One week of such self-sacrifice would extirpate their schools from all their difficulties—to mention only one method of expending the fund. The example of the Salvationist is spreading. There are many who dislike his ritual and distrust his theology, but there is no one who can dispute that in finance, and especially in the shepherd of their financial system, they have given a record to the world which it will be difficult to lower.

Few people outside the circle of its immediate supporters

Realize the Immensity

of the Army's work. During the thirty years of its existence, it has extended into forty different countries and colonies; its 11,269 officers proclaim Christ in 31 languages, in 1,974 stations or towns. Of its 320 officers in India, I am told that the large majority were formerly Godwinshippers. It publishes 45 different newspapers and magazines in 14 different languages, in 1804 to less than \$1,000,000 (million) of news-papers, magazines, periodicals, books, and tracts were issued from the Salvation Army printing presses. These all contained, in some form or other, simple, straightforward descriptions of the evil of wrong-doing, with plain directions as to the quickest way out.

The Army has now, in different parts of the world, 291 shelters, homes, labor bureaux, and other benevolent institutions in full operation, under the guidance of 1,239 men and women officers. It contains 57 Homes for Criminals, 22 Factories, 23 Labor Bureaux, 6 Farm Colonies, 68 Food Depots and Shelters, 6 Children's Homes, 4 Lodging Houses, and 2 Hospitals. The doors of these stand open day and night, to

Every Friendless Man and Woman

who is willing to work, no matter what their age, history, or previous character.

Since Self-Denial Week, 1894, parties of Army officers have been sent to Japan, Java, Spain, Gibraltar, Iceland, and British Guiana. Immediate and pressing calls are being received by General Booth for workers in Mexico, China, Barbadoes, and the West Coast of Africa, as well as for reinforcements for mission stations already established in Zululand. To meet the pressing needs of the coming year, the Army is hoping for \$500,000 as the net result of the 1895 Self-Denial Fund, in this and other countries.

W. T. STEAD,
Mowbray House, London, Sept. 26th, 1895.

EAST ONTARIO LASSIES' STRING BAND.



Birdie McNaugh, Staff-Capt. Southall, Annie Bowes,
Sgt. Nellie Downey, Lieut. McNaugh, Mrs. Glad-Capt. Southall, Capt. Edna Jones, Sgt. Carrie Glenn.

Have had great times. People in ecstasies. Couldn't get the crowd in at Picton, Sunday night, also two souls. Crowd opposite hotel threw over three dollars on the drum head in afternoon. Expect a successful trip in every particular.

MAJOR MORRIS,

East Ont. Prov. Sea.

Interviewed by Major Complin.

KEYNOTE : FIGHTING AND VICTORY.

Self-Denial Target High, but Likely to be Hit.

"BRIGHT AND EARLY" the East Ontario Provincial Secretary arrived at the editorial office on Saturday, in response to a "welcome" "Hello, how are you going on in the Province?" the Major gave a most encouraging reply. "Good," said he, "God is helping us wonderfully."

13th Anniversary Demonstration What Use?

Queried as to the value of the Anniversary Demonstrations, he declared they had been of great assistance. The Commandant had been the means of inspiring everybody with the war spirit, "that the officers had gone back to their stations "charged to the very muzzle," and the Major laughed as he thought of the execution these guns would accomplish.

Song Squad.

"The troupe," the Major continued, "is doing grandly. Their work, especially in front of hotels, is taking immensely.

Junior Soldiers' Advance.

"In the J. S. branch, I am at having, before six months is over, 2,000 children attending the Sunday morning company meetings in the Province. Montreal, Kingston and Peterborough corps are already doing a splendid

children's work. The Commandant helped the feeling for J. S. work considerably in his Council talks at Klogston.

The Weekly Spiritualizer.

"I visited all the corps in Montreal last weekend. The officers are in good spirits. I attribute this largely to the influence of the Friday afternoon officers' meetings there, led by the D. O. or S. C. MacMillan. In fact, I am so impressed with the value of a little private weekly gathering for spiritual help and mutual counsill that I have advised all my D. O.'s to go in for it, no matter how small the number of fellow-officers in their immediate neighborhood."

New! To Attract Both Eyes and Ears.

"Anything now?"

"Yes, I have struck a splendidly successful idea: it can be used for backsliders, holiness and salvation meetings. The last time it was used there were three seekers for salvation at the pentent-form. It consists of a series of large pictures, painted by a Salvation soldier at Montreal, and illustrating the story of 'Katie's White Robes' by Elviro Douglas, which appeared in "All the World" about six months ago. It is a very nice story, showing how Katie turned aside from the right path to pluck the flowers of worldly pleasure, but got to the Cross at last."

S.-D. the Burning Question.

"Have you been notified of your S.-D. target yet?"

"Oh, yes I (with another laugh, this time significant of "no deficit") it's \$4,000, about \$112 per corps."

"That's tremendous," said the Major seriously; "true, it is only a small rise on last year, but the corps did enough this year."

"Who was there?" we queried.

"Beladier Scott. But," continued East Ontario's top man, "I don't think the E. O.'s are afraid, any, THEY DON'T KNOW FEAR. We shall win at it, and if it can be hit—"

"You'll hit it?"

"Yes, we'll DO it. We have as much jazz, gumption, go, and backslime in us as anybody else. We don't reckon to take a back seat and hang our harps on the willows, but our guns are primed—loaded to the muzzle."

"We are a good deal like the fellow who landed at Montreal; he had no money, and very little to eat his own, but in reply to the question, 'Why did you come here?' he said, 'Why, man, I may have no money, but I'm FULL OF DAYS' WORKS.' We haven't much money and goods, but we are full of days' works—full to the brim; not only that, but we are WILLING TO BRING IT OUT."

For S.-D. Ready! Present!

"We are changing a few P. O.'s just to place our men position for S.-D. Who?"

"Ensign Alward to Peterborough; Captain William Gage to Perth, Temple to Peterborough, and to Ottawa, Ober to Campbellfield, Bandy to Montreal, Hill to Morrisburg; Lieutenant Carter to Brockville, Beckstrand to Belgrave, Battaglia to Sherbrooke, and Lieutenant Wilson gets promoted to a Captaincy, and takes charge of Coaticook."

Who is Top Striker?

Replying to the query, which corps will top the poll, the Major said he "guessed Montreal" since they did it last year, "but there's no telling."

Wife? Family?

At this instant we rushed Major Read—there were explosions in the greeting line, and mutual domestic enquiries.

Replies to Major Morris' "How's your wife?" elicited a "Splendid!" from Major Read. "And family?" "Beautiful!" in Major Read's rapturous tones. Major Morris regretted that they had had quite a lot of anxiety with their little one, who was, thank God, just getting better—then turning to the editor—

(insertion) idea, sickness, evidently.

"McHarr is using every means to get good health again since his accident. He has them painting like an engine with steam up, in fact has to let steam off now and again by writing to me."

"But S.-D. Major, did we finish that? Who's to be top man amongst Four braves?"

"Oh, impossible to say. You may depend on it that McLean and Wiseman (and he is a wise man), McAndrew and McFerling—why, I should have to mention all the D. O.'s—they will all do nobly."

"One other matter—a candidate boom is on. I shall have all the officers I need for my Province shortly, and could almost stock a Training Home now."

STAFF-CAPT. JOSH SOUTHLAND

Reports on the East Ont. Prov. War Tactics.

He WANTS PROPHETIC, AND HURLS THE ADJECTIVES—HURRAH FOR S.D.—MIGHTY STRUGGLE, BULLIANT FINISH—HARVEST FESTIVAL TRUMPHES—THE STRING BAND MAKES ITS DEBUT—PREPARING FOR THE S.D. CONFLICT.

Our troops have been kept on the qui vive almost constantly during the past few months. The drill has had a wholesome effect, evidencing once again to the fact that, whether considered from a physical or a spiritual standpoint, work is the great educator of the faculties.

The Harvest Festival.

With intelligent planning, careful organization, as well as plenty of hard work and hearty enthusiasm on the part of our district and corps commanders, together with the hearty co-operation of our soldiers, this effort was a distinct success. Twenty-five per cent. advance on last year was no small thing, and \$1,800 instead of \$1,200 seemed a pretty big thing. But we did it, with about \$100 to the good. This battle was well fought. Facts revealed a great amount of thought, and skill, as well

as intelligence being displayed all round.

The S.-D. Battle.

Our enterprise in the great council just mentioned will be very helpful in the coming battle. Plans are already mooted, and instructions of a preliminary character issued. There are sounds of activity on every hand. Everything pretends a mighty struggle, with the most brilliant finish of any previous effort. Officers and soldiers are already looking forward to the grand opportunity that is at hand. Many outsiders are also eager for the fray. Even the tongue will be wanting a chance of doing something to make this the crowning triumph of our history.

The Lassels' String Band.

The visit of the band to a number of the corps has been a great blessing in each case. People everywhere have expressed the highest appreciation of the meetings, and a number were surprised to learn that we had so proficient a combination. In this, as in all other efforts, it has been demonstrated how much the corps commanders have to do with the success—whether to succeed or otherwise. We have visited about twelve corps, and given little Picton, thanks to the energy of her Captain, takes the "piano" for successful meetings and financial results. Blenheim comes close on its heels, while all are more or less worthy of honorable mention.

We append a cutting from the Peterboro' Times:—

"The concert given by the Lassels' Band at Kingston, in the S. A. barracks on Saturday night was much appreciated by the large number present. The band is under the direction of Staff-Captain Southall and wife. There were six lassels, making altogether eight in the aggregation. They have five guitars, mandolin, violin, autoharp, and corset. All the members of the program were well rendered, especially the guitars. Sergeant Nellie and Annie Donnelly, which was without a doubt, called forth much appreciation. Also Sergeant Nellie Donnelly's mandolin obligato in a final selection was well rendered. All the instruments were in perfect memory."

Large crowds and good meetings have been the leading characteristics of the tour. Interest has been created, and in various ways the respective corps visited will be much benefitted.

J. F. S.

-: THE :- FINANCIAL SECRETARY At the Pump Again.

Hallelujah! Home once more! There's no place like it! Ah, Canada is a lovely country. Thanks to God's kind, loving hand, I got over the briny ocean safe and sound. Brought heaps of love to Canadian sympathizers, and was told to tell all I met to "Fight it out!"

And now the shameful war! We must have money. God's kingdom cannot be advanced without it. Money makes the war against sin to flourish. Praise God! To this end we want to arouse all our friends to think of the great need. You have given before? Well, give again, for giving doth not impoverish.

-XOX-

SELF-DENIAL looms up! The Proclamations have received their targets. No doubt the D. O.'s are this have theirs, and have in turn set their respective corps targets. Clear the decks. Of course, as usual, the noble Eastern Province has the highest target. Will it hit the bull's-eye? Well, did the "wise" people ever get benten? What does Brigadier Scott say? Next in order of targets is the East Ontario. Then follows the Central, Northern, West Ontario, Erie, and Newfoundland provinces. But shall the last be first?

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Now, comrades, get into your minds and thoroughly understand that the special printed appeals are as follows:

1.—SOLDIERS' comprising a large pictorial collecting card and envelope for same, and one yellow

envelope in which the soldier will put his own personal donation.

2.—FRIENDS' comprising one pictorial collecting card and one envelope

SELF-DENIAL DECLARATION

— FROM THE —
Provincial Secretary for West Ontario.

BY THE GRACE AND HELP OF God, both Mrs. Margerets and I purpose, in connection with S.-D. this year, to

1.—Be such examples in spirit and action that any of our precious comrades may, with all safety, imitate.

2.—To so arrange our eating and drinking, and for the fulfillment of our duties to each other, to our children, to our comrades, and to the war, by acts of self-denial, that God and the Army shall get the greatest benefit possible from:

a.—The physical strength we possess.

b.—Our time, talents, and opportunities.

c.—Our money, by giving what is more than absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together, to help the S.-D. funds.

3.—To employ such methods, exercise such prayer and faith, and put in such toil, with the co-operation of our comrades and the blessing of God, shall secure at least our Provincial target (more, if possible), the salvation of souls, and blessing to all.

4.—To do this, not merely because the S.-D. is an annual S. A. effort, or because it is our duty, but with all willing cheerfulness and joy, as a spontaneous and practical expression of our love and gratitude to the Christ of God, who loves us and has washed our hearts in His precious blood and made them whiter than snow, and to whom all the praise shall be given.

J. E. MARGETTS, P.S.



THE SORT WE'RE AFTER.

THE HARMONIC HURRICANEERS.

We saw a well-known officer recently standing outside the Temple in such a queer style of uniform that it created a desire to know the cause of the thusness. In answer to enquiry we found that he was a member of the "Harmonic Hurricaneers," and was just starting off on a tour. Thus closed Scene 1.

-XOX-

SCENE II.—The War Cry man found Adjutant Ayre in his office at the top of the Temple. A big pile of letters and books covered the desk, through which our subject was wading as best he could. The said War Cry man had come up for some facts about the band with the strange name, and happily the Adjutant had just got a sum in typewritten letters (while the Adjutant went on with the day's business) I gathered the following details:

The band, both brass and string, is composed of ten select players, Captain during the Major's absence by Captain McKenzie. Such famous names as Professor Little, of the Naval Brigade; Captain Nellie Griffiths, of ILQ's, and Sister Emma Morris add prestige to the affair. The uniform is an inexplicable mixture of red, yellow and blue trimmings, enough to tax an ordinary being's descriptive powers. Their forerunner is Captain Crawford, who constitutes a sight in himself. His horse has two enormous side paintings explaining the Captain's mission. He is about seven days ahead of the troupe, and visits the local press, the ministers, and the country-side generally, stirring up an interest in the arrival of the band, and arousing curiosity.

They Succeed.

Their tour will take them as far north as the Canadian Soc. The Manitoulin Islands, cannot be forgotten. The Major is hoping to accompany the band to this place. Besides visiting Army corps and cheering their comrades there, it has been arranged for them to conduct meetings at various places, where the Army is not known, thus creating, we doubt not, many friends, who will come to our help as occasion serves.

The chief aim of the band is to stir things up, attract people to the open-air and inside meetings, where they are thoroughly dealt with about their souls' welfare, and every effort put forth to secure their soul's salvation. Secondly, the band is to raise money for the extension of this work, to be divided as follows: after expenses are met, the corps gets one-half, and the Province the balance. As for them, they have been paid right royally. At Galt, the people gave \$10 in the open-air, and at Brantford \$6. To those who know the proverbial hardness of these two places, this will be rather startling.

The whole complement of the band is as follows: Major Howell, the director; Captains McKenzie and Griffiths, Lieutenants Redburn and Fisher, Cadet Fugier, Brothers Little (Professor), Cameron and Wilson, and Sisters Morris and Isheton. When I say that the admission fee is twenty-five cents and ten cents for the first-class Social League members will receive the "Deliverer" monthly. Colonel Holland is doing a capital thing with the Staff Band—SELF-DENIAL FOR '95 MUST TOP ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS.

If we love God we shall find favor with Him, whether we are able to please anybody else or not.

THE WAR CRY MAN.



LOOKING FOR THE LORD.

From "Raven's Horn."

for same. (These cards are very special, and will be given out to just selected friends who can be got to collect.)

3.—SENIOR SOLDIERS', comprising a beautiful target pictorial collecting card, and big envelope for the same.

4.—ACCUMULERS'. This is similar to last year's, but the printing is far better. It is to be given from door to door.

5.—SOCIAL SACK. This is a new and novel idea of the Commandant's. These sacks will be left at certain friendly farmers and other suitable people. A neat appeal will accompany it, to be left with the sack. The grain given will be sold locally and the cash got for the same credited to the local corps Self-Denial Fund.

TARGETS and POSTERS will be supplied as usual. The posters are improved very much. Put them in prominent places. They will draw and attract.

THE HAND-BOOK will soon be in the hands of every F. O. It should be very carefully studied, as there are several alterations and improvements on that of last year. Big return bags will be sent each corps and D. O., as last year.

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Finance Newsy Notes.

Capt. Bailey has been laid aside by sickness. He is better now. Regina

PROGRESS

OF THE

Naval and Military League.

A NEW AND SUCCESSFUL DEVELOPMENT.

Called from Major Lewis' Monthly Letter.

Gibraltar.

The first Naval and Military S. A. Home is prospering. Adjutant and Mrs. Ellis are greatly encouraged by the sympathy being shown them on every hand, and souls are being born again.

NAVAL BRIGADE Sergeant Bradford, of H.M.S. "Terrorific," sends in a growing account of the work lately established in

British Guiana

and remarks that the West Indies are open to the S. A., on every hand the cry being, "When is the S. A. coming to our Island?"

ENSIGN DEVAMONI (an Indian India officer) writes from

Hong Kong

as follows: "My comrade and I are on a financial tour here in Hong Kong and have come across the S. A. India belonging to the N. & M. League. They are an earnest little band. I feel there is no reason why a wonderful work cannot be done here."



HONG KONG, a coming Army station.

STAFF-CAPT. HIRU SINGH, editor of the Indian War Cry, writes encouragingly of N. & M. work in

Bombay and Poona

and adds that Staff-Captain Deva Veer (Smith) has now gone on to Colombo and will no doubt look things in this direction well up there. Staff-Captain Sandhu (Miss Bascomme) has sent me several beautiful letters abounding with good news of many conversions amongst the soldiers during her Indian tour.

Saved.

A private, writing from a hospital



AN ENGLISH ARTILLERYMAN, of Gibraltar.



MAJOR LEWIS, in charge of the Naval and Military League.

ward in Belfast, says: "I shall never forget the day I got saved. I went into the barracks room and knelt down by the side of my cot to offer up a few words, and I got boots, bread, brushes, and anything they could get hold of to fit at me. But I held on, and they have tired of this now."

A Candidate.

A gentleman has just been accepted for our branch of the work, and will shortly enter the Training Home. This comrade was formerly a Navigating Officer in the Royal Indian Marine Service. After his conversion

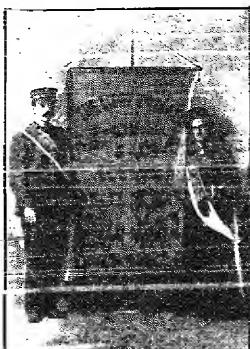
first anniversary of the N. & M. League. It will be celebrated in Great Britain by demonstrations at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Chatham, Aldershot, Woolwich, and Farnborough, on Sunday, November 10th.

War Cry.

Colonel Nicot is devoting the English War Cry of November 8th entirely to the interests of soldiers and sailors.

Soldiers and sailors stationed abroad where there is no branch of the S. A. can greatly help by forwarding to Major Lewis, 101 Queen Victoria St., London, information as to operations for Salvation Army, prospects of self-support, number of population, possible buildings that could be hired, etc., etc.

The November 8th meeting of the N. & M. League are Acts of the Apostles, chapters 1 to 16.



CAPT. AND MRS. PUGH,

With their Light Brigade banner, used at the Anniversary Demonstrations, in St. John, N.B.

"THE EAST AGAIN!"

Boasts the Top P.A. in the L.B. Advance.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? NOT MUCH!

A Confab With the F.S. on a Glorious Scheme for Canada's Poorest.

His Work.

THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY is the Commandant's right-hand man at Territorial Headquarters for running the various money-raising schemes which have had their origin in the Commandant's fruitful brain, or have been adopted by him to the needs of the war in the Territory to-day.

Amongst the most important of these is the Light Brigade, which is simply a well-organized effort to systematically collect odd cents.

How Going.

Asked as to the progress of the Light Brigade on the whole, Major Read replied, "Very well, indeed. Of course it is only now getting on its feet, but wherever the boxes are put out systematically, and the scheme taken hold of, it goes like wild-fire."

Why the scheme is only just "getting on its feet" will be understood when we say that our next query elicited the fact that there are now about 10,000 Light Brigade boxes in the homes of the people.

How many Provincial agents have you, Major?"

"Five, one to each Province excepting Spokane and Newfoundland; the latter is organized differently to the other Provinces."

Pugh, Excelsior!

"Who is your most successful Provincial agent?"

"Captain Pugh, of the Maritime Provinces."

The East Again."

"Yes. His last quarter's income — the one ending in September — was \$102 above the previous quarter."

God Bless the Wife!

"Indeed. He is the individual who got married recently. He ought to do better, two are better far than one, doubling the joys, halving the sorrows, and mutually encouraging one another."

"It is so in this case. Mrs. Pugh is a great assistant to her husband. She speaks on the Rescue work, and adds considerable interest to the business. Just recently a gentleman gave her a whole bale of cotton, which was promptly forwarded to the Rescue Home at St. John, N.B."

Why Pugh Wins.

"To what in particular do you attribute Captain Pugh's success?"

"First," rejoined the F.S., "is his ability to plan and systematize. Secondly, he takes care of his local agents, keeping thoroughly in touch with them; and, again, he can be depended on to wisely carry out Headquarters' instructions. He gave good proof of this how wide-awake he is to L.B. interests when the Commandants' meetings at St. John by having twenty of his main agents at the big meeting. They were in special costume, sat together, bore a 'welcome'

banner, and not only addressed the Commandant by way of welcome, but he met the party privately, and gave them a talk all to themselves."

Good Old Newfoundland.

"What is the Newfoundland plan?"

"Well, Newfoundland cannot afford a Provincial agent, so the D.O.C. will not in that capacity. This will work well there, but just notice the illegal terms on which the Commandant is dealing with Newfoundland: ten per cent goes to the D.O.C. who collects it, ten percent to the corps in that neighborhood, ten per cent to Territorial Headquarters, and seventy per cent to the Newfoundland Provincial Secretary for the Social work of the Army on the Island."

"That sounds excellent, Major."

"It is, too. The first collection will be made there at Christmas-time, and the Newfoundlanders may be depended on for a good Christmas-box."

Cash Devoted to Social and Spiritual Regeneration of Canada's Poorest.

"You ought to do a good thing with this, Major Read. Have you? And where does the money go to?"

"Well, so far the initial expenses, such as printing, manufacture of boxes, etc., have been paid, and we are receiving a clear profit, but we are not yet ready to go full steam ahead. About \$600 have been netted clear so far, and the prospects, as I said, are just beautiful. The money goes to the social work. You do not need me to say how rapidly the Darkest England scheme is being adapted to meet the needs of the poor and worthless of Canada. To this glorious object, the temporal and everlasting salvation of the very neediest, is this money devoted."

We could only add, "God bless the Light Brigade."

MAJOR COMPLIN.

A War Cry Tramp.

HILLSBORO CIRCLE CORPS. — On Tuesday morning we left our quarters bright and early and taking with us a bundle of War Cries started on a tramp around the circle. We visited eighteen homes, were overtaken by a rain-storm, and arrived at Hopewell Cape in a drenched condition. Thanks to the kind hospitality of Sister Peck, we were soon out of our wet cloths and into a cozy bed. The next morning, after partaking of a hearty breakfast, we started on our way to Currieville. We visited twenty homes. The people seemed very pleased to see us. We held a meeting in the school-house, and had a nice attentive congregation. We spent the night at Brother Milburn's, who has a room set apart expressly for the S. A. The next morning we start for Lower Hillsboro, where we visit nineteen homes. In Irish selling our War Cries, being unable to get a house, we hold our meetings in the street corner. After the meeting we walked home, tired but thankful, and more in sympathy with the people. — Day and Buffett.

True freedom is to share the chains that others wear.

THE - GREAT - ANNUAL - SELF-DENIAL!



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.
A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
the propagation of the gospel throughout the
territory of the Salvation Army in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

OUR LEADER.

The General has made a deep mark upon the religious conscience of South Africa, and has done more to stimulate the regular and Social work of the Army on this occasion than he even did on the last. Our beloved leader was the recipient of the following kind message from Sir Hercules Robinson, Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa:—

Sir Hercules Robinson, to General Booth, "Dunottar Castle," East London: "I was exceedingly sorry to be prevented by illness from having the pleasure of an interview with you yesterday, but desire to assure you of the warm personal interest I feel in the great work with which your name and life are identified. I trust that your health will not suffer from the fatigues of your arduous journey, and that you will return to England all the better for what, I trust, will be a successful mission."

—xox—

OUR COMMISSIONER.

At seven o'clock on the morning of going to press with this War Cry the Commandant returned from his month's tour. Most of the Headquarters men welcomed him at the depot. Although looking very much worn, we rejoice to say he is in excellent spirits and exceedingly well pleased with the Army's prospects in the parts he has visited. During his absence of a month and four days, he has lived in a whirl of travel and Salvation Army activity, and got thro' a pile of work and meetings. Never has the Commandant been better received, and never were the Army's prospects brighter. Now for Self-Denial.

—xox—

WINDSOR, N. S.

From "Visitor's" letter we learn that Ensign Watson was arrested for the third time on the night of his farewell. "Visitor's" letter is mild enough, it allows neither hit or foul, but it lets us see that this last affair of the authorities there is as great or worse a bungle than ever. The very officers who had to do the despicable work dutifully contradicted each other's evidence in court as to the place where the "offense" occurred. We congratulate the magistrate on doing the only sensible thing, viz., dismissing the case.

To whom do the streets of Windsor, N. S., belong? Has Jesus Christ in street rights there? Here is a president of the Gospel, a servant of God, and an agent of an organization which has received the approval of the greatest functionaries in the English-speaking world, following his enlisting, doing what the highest legal authorities in the Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, have repeatedly declared to be perfectly legal, he stops like procession a moment to make an announcement, the words "Now, friends," have escaped his lips, when the rest of the sentence is cut short by his arrest. No wonder that cries of "shame" have been heard on the streets during the execution of this kind of work. A full-informed individual would draw it, let

alone the intelligent public of a Canadian town. We say it is a disgrace that men like Ensign Watson should have been imprisoned in Windsor, N.S., and we appeal to the public there to find out who is to blame for these things, and to put the administration of the municipal affairs in future into the hands of individuals who are worthy of the honorable position.

Now, Ensign Guit, the eyes of all the officers are confidently upon you, believing that in you they have an officer who will nobly maintain the right to preach in the streets which have been bought at so great a price. God give you wisdom and grace to stand for Christ.

—xox—

SELF-DENIAL — Brigadier Margett's Declaration.

The spirit in which the officers throughout the Territory are approaching the great annual Self-Denial battle is one of full faith and invincible determination for victory. Brigadier Margett is first in the Cry with his S.D. declaration—and it is to the point. Bravo, Brigadier! God will surely bless you. With such leadership as this you and your people are sure to conquer.

—xox—

COMRADES ALL.

Although into it doing so, we heartily congratulate our comrades of the Army. The battle of the increasingly important spiritual Army literature is occupying amongst them. The transfer of a man of such spiritual point and sanctified ability as Staff-Captain Misago to the editorship of the American Cry marks, no doubt, a fresh epoch in the importance of that organ. Both he and Major Cox, the Editor-in-Chief, will have their hands full with the duties and responsibilities attaching to the magnificent arena in which they are united to fight the battle of the Lord. God bless them both, and Baplin, too, who takes up the Frisco Cry as successor to Staff-Captain Misago.

Editor's Notes.

MR. FLETCHER has given us a bit of real life in "Why Jim Didn't Go to the Show." His story will be read with much interest by our Army folk as well as by our Methodist friends, and the fact that the story finds a place in the Methodist Magazine is a fine tribute to that Church's breadth of sympathy and elevation above mere sectarianism.

HOW MANY "JIMS" are there in our ranks to-day, and associated with the churches, whose lot in life has been permanently bedeviled through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army?

Many an one. Self-Denial week furnishes "Jim" with a grand opportunity to annually, extraordinarily, and practically express his thanksgiving to God, and at the same time help sustain the fight for the world's salvation. God bless "Jim."

FIELD-OFFICERS can work up a good Remonstrance-for-Self-Denial meeting by making selections from "Jim's" story, and interspersing the same with suitable songs, to be sung by the Senior, or Junior, or both. If sure you have a good reader. Success to the S.D.

—xox—

MRS. MAJOR JEWELL, warrior-like, has gone to the battle's front, and already gained several victories in her corps at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. She may reckon on the continued sympathy and support of her comrades.

THE REPORT Treasurer just for words of the reception given the incoming F. O.'s at Charlottetown is a beautiful and, thank God, typical instance of the loving respect and true Christian courtesy which exists be-

tween the rank and file and their immediate leaders in Christ's work. There is, too, a reflex action on the corps for good when these apparent trivialities are not neglected.

SIX people bear the name of Streeton at Major Streeton's house now. The youngest was born on Sept. 29th, and is a spanking boy. Major Streeton is recovering splendidly. The Major bears the weight of domestic blessing quite cheerfully.



"Hurry," did you say? We are extremely so, hardly time to think what is best to write.

THE BUILDING OPERATIONS are as lively as ever. Do not let it be said, and try as hard as we will, it seems almost impossible to keep out of bricks and mortar, shingles and sawdust. Anyway, all that we want is suitable places to carry on the war.

VERY ENCOURAGING reports from Hamilton. Things are now in a rush. They are begging for all they are worth—going at it with a vengeance—bound to get there. The splendid site on the corner of Rebecca and King streets has been secured. Building signed and sealed. It has been a little longer on the way than we could have wished, but important matters need a little time to get them through. It was of the greatest importance that a proper site was secured.

THOSE WHO SAY that the S. A. is getting too respectable will surely be pleased to know that a Shelter is to be erected on the same site. The poor can get the needs of the body and soul supplied in the same building. The barracks will be the meeting home of both rich and poor.

VERY MANY THANKS for an offer of a horse from Brussels, a grey. Good color. This is the first answer to our advertisement. That's the war to do it: offer them right straight out. Please! PLEASE! don't write saying you have this, that and the other "to sell." We have a lot of things "to sell" ourselves. What we want is something to help save poor humanity.

THE COMMANDANT has returned, and we are very glad of it, too, not only for the sake of the pleasure of his company, but just at this time there are very many things that need his decision, as might be expected.

BY THE WAY, the list of machine, etc., asked for in the Cry, has been thought to be a "tall order." So it is, but there is a lot more required after this is sent in.

Also for Britain's Boys.

Britain, that great "Christian" land, has 90,000 criminals in jail; sentenced during the year, 153,000; has 100,000 fallen women; 163,000 homeless outcasts; 566,000 in chronic want; 190,000 in workhouse and asylum. The nation's recent drink bill was £126,000,000, the arrests for drunkenness in twelve months, 200,000; public-houses, 190,000. — Social Gazette.

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him.

It is the fact of responsibility that makes so solemn a thing.

THE LATEST

The General's Arrival in Australia.

A cablegram has been received by the Chief of the Staff intimating that, after a pleasant and profitable voyage, the General and his staff landed in Hobart on the 3rd Inst., and was accorded a warm and enthusiastic reception by Commissioner Coombs and a large body of officers, soldiers and friends. The General then proceeded to New Zealand to begin his second Australasian campaign.

The Marechale in the Forest Cathedral.

The Marechale held a meeting on Sunday in the Prince Inter Forest, in Switzerland, where she was arrested eleven years ago and imprisoned. Splendid day; though so far from any town, seven hundred people gathered under the tall pines. The Commissioner led. The Marechale spoke. Hundred in tears. Twelve for salvation.

Australasia.

Another mighty Self-Denial victory. Last year's record beaten by \$12,500. Grand total, \$65,000.

To Open Mexico.

Commander Babington Booth has under consideration the invasion of Mexico. A Spanish pioneer is needed.

Minneapolis Visited.

Commander Babington Booth, accompanied by Chief Editor Cox, has conducted big gals in Minneapolis and St. Paul. There were large crowds, and rows of penitents.

SELF-DENIALETTES.

A Wood Green (British) Cadet spent a morning outside Farringdon Station and only received twopence in her Self-Denial box. Then a gentleman came along, asked her how she was doing, and slipped in a half sovereign. Later on a small boy came and showed her a handful of silver, saying proudly, "Wouldn't you like to be a Salvation Army?" After she was telling him, it was explained that she had been matched for the office windows near, and a collection made inside for her box. The little altogether got about twenty-two shillings for the day, and went home rejoicing.

—xox—
People from all parts of the country who have got thorough cause, created during Self-Denial Week, are offering for the work. Thirty-one were accepted on Thursday last.

—xox—
A friend of the Army in Britain, in order to mark his gratitude to God for the work the Army has already accomplished, and his desire to encourage so many of the poor contributing to the Army's work, offers to give \$1,250 on condition that five other friends give an equal amount. Will some Canadian do ditto?

Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness.

Faith in God cleanses the heart—but what faith? That which works by love.

THE WAR CRY.

World Wide NEWS

The American Full Congress may be held in Chicago.

Commissioner Ouchterlony intends issuing a Territorial magazine for Norway.

Commissioner Bulani and daughter arrived safely in India, after a very prosperous voyage.

The British Life Assurance Department has just sent out nearly 3,000 industrial policies in one week, the largest number yet sent within the length of time.

A Field Officer had insured his life nine months when he died. The amount of premium paid, in return for which a claim of \$125 was met, was \$8.

Free passes on board all the large steamers belonging to the Bergen and Trondhjem Steamship Company, have been granted for Commissioner Ouchterlony and her Secretary, Staff-Captain Bonniers. These vessels run round the Norwegian Coast from Christiania and Vadsø, on the Army.

THE BRITISH War Cry has a boom on for a rise of 40,000, and offers \$125 to the Province which makes the biggest proportionate increase.

Three more summonses have been issued at Rugby, two of them against Ensign Date and one against her Lieutenant (Kent). This is for singing after being requested to desist.

The offices occupied by the British Home Office Staff are being rearranged and one of the rooms occupied by the recent move into "107" will be taken possession of by the Home Office, namely, the top floors of 101, 102, and 103.

In connection with the meeting held during the celebration of Rome's celebrations in Florence, a batch of five native Pierines were enrolled as soldiers of the Salvation Army, and the first native Thenn Sergeant was created.

TO MARRY, in Boston, on October 1st, Captain Yorke and Lieutenant Berkeley, not stationed in Atlantic City. We wish you long life and success. Captain Yorke is an old Canadian, and has also had several appointments in the Central; among the number were the Bowery (he opened it), Plainfield, N.J., and Waterbury, Conn.

Persecutions Galore.

Brigadier Wm. Evans, of the Atlantic Coast Division, gives a splendid account of his work to an interviewer in the New York Cry. Besides lots of new openings, souls saved, and sinners gathered, he has a legal fight on. Philadelphia wins the scene of the trouble. The leading criminal attorney in Philadelphia, Mr. A. L. Shields, has taken up the end out of sympathy with the Army. He will fight the obnoxious act, and has not the slightest doubt of securing victory.

Foolish Belleville.

The toughs in that city assaulted the Salvation Army and tore up the American flag carried by the Army officers. The city authorities, to favor the outlaws, and to persecute the Salvation Army, passed an ordinance prohibiting street meetings or parades of any kind, and was aimed at the Army. The ordinance, if enforced, would prohibit funeral processions, and surely is the worst piece of baby play ever undertaken by a city council. Belleville had better try to prohibit the tough element rule and leave

the Salvation Army alone. The legality of the ordinances will be tested, and will doubtless prove to be a farce. —Danville, Ill., Sentinel.

FIVE MINUTES WITH The Dominion's Soc. Sec.

WHAT THE S. S. IS LIKE.

TWO of the most flourishing branches of the Sooal Wing are the brothers Collier, Major and Captain respectively, of the Toronto Workmen's Hotel. The very look of their full, round, rosy faces, and portly proportions, is enough to stir up the commissary ambition of the most empty-headed tramp going to take a turn at the Army's woodpile and strive for the rib-filling viands in the Army hotel across the way.

He Gives a Helping Hand.

ENLISTING Major Collier's attention for five minutes, I quenched him to the kind of work being done here in Toronto for those whom the Light Brigade advanced is intended to benefit. He assured me that they aim at supplying work, not charity, but that in their efforts to do so the prices of beds and food are cut down so low that there is no profit, but a balance on the "giving" side. Vulgarly, the hotel does not pay the bill from a purely dollars and cents aspect, hence the necessity of financial help as well for the running expenses as for initial outlays in buildings and hotel outfit.

This is What They do.

"Give me an instance, Major, of the value of your work."

"We think '8." He came out to Canada three years ago, leaving his wife and family in the Old Country. He worked around for a while, at whatever odd jobs turned up, but every time he stood a chance to get on he blighted his prospects through drink. He came to us last spring, and for a time worked in the wood-yard, then we sent him to the Sooal Farm. About three weeks ago he got saved. Communiions had been made with his wife in Scotland, and she sent him the money to go home. He went off a few days ago saved and happy, to forget the past and win his way to a brighter future, both for earth and Heaven. He was no tramp, mind, but an honest out-of-work, with a weakness for the drink."

Now for the O. S. C.

"I understand you to mean, Major, that this man was genuinely submerged—here in Canada, that the Army wood-yard met his immediate need for work at the moment, that real worth won for him permanent employment on the Sooal farm, and had there been an Over-Sea Colony here."

"He could," interrupted the social secretary, "have brought his wife here and they could have been settled on their own homestead, with the Army's sympathy and practical

help to carry them over the first difficulties of settlement."

"Excellent. It only needed the last link with the busy homestead, the cows, pigs, and chicks around to complete the General's scheme."

MAJOR COMPLIN.

Correspondence.

St. John, N.B., Oct. 16, '97.

Editor War Cry.

Dear Sir,—Allow me through the columns of your valuable paper to mention a few facts connected with the recent trouble in Windsor, N.S., between the authorities and your Army.

Of course there are always among the Salvation Army which are peculiar, and to some minds your methods and modes seem rather strange. Nevertheless, I think good is accomplished in all your undertakings.

It happened that the night I arrived in Windsor the officers were bidding farewell. A dodger was put in my hand, which conveyed the information that new officers were to be introduced by Brigadier Scott, and that he was also to explain the Salvation Army's attitude in regard to the trouble. The officers and soldiers marched out as usual. With a friend, I happened to be on the street as the Army was singing and beating their drums. Most of the soldiers wore a recruit's uniform. They marched and turned, and turned again to go to their barracks, I believe. A commotion seemed to occur, and I was soon informed that the officer (Ensign Wilson), who was to leave Windsor, was arrested. I could hardly believe it, the affair seemed to be done in such a short time, but, sure enough, an arrest had been made.

I thought I would take in the meeting. We found the place filled with an interested audience. The Army sang with vim and enthusiasm, a prayer was offered, and then Brigadier Scott referred to the matter upon which he was announced to speak. He reviewed the trouble from the commencement, mentioning the arrest of that night, and seemed astonished that Ensign Watson had been put in jail for doing what he had been allowed to do for eight or nine years, i.e., marching and playing their drums. The audience responded heartily, and showed intense interest in the matter. Evidently, Mr. Editor, from the interest shown in that meeting, I should judge the Army has a warm place in their sympathies. A gentleman and his wife took the platform, and the former said a few words of sympathy for and with the Salvation Army. A Methodist minister was warmly cheered as he took the platform and expressed his feelings in the matter. Other speakers also took part. Then Adjutant Gage (if I caught his name correctly) told of his experience in the large cities in the East, where he has had open-air meetings without the least trouble or molestation in any way wherever he has been. A good deal of interest and

sympathy was shown as Mrs. Watson addressed the audience. From all I can learn, most bravely has this woman stood by her husband, and even led the way when he was incarcerated in the Windsor jail. The meeting was finally brought to a close by the singing of "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

I left this gathering feeling that what faults and failings the Army had they endeavored to do good work, and it impressed me as being a shame to put such in jail for trying to do a work so needy in our large cities and towns throughout the Maritime Provinces. Next morning I thought I would like to hear the outcome of the trial, so wended my way to the court house. The prisoner was brought in looking rather seedy (to use a slang expression), to answer to the charge of obstructing the law. He pleaded "not guilty." Officer Smith, whom I made the sword when the Army had halted and formed a circle, he ordered the prisoner to move on, which he did not do; he then ordered him again to move on, and finally placed him under arrest. He further stated that the arrest was made on Water street. During the cross-examination of the officer the rather failed, in my estimation, to substantiate all his remarks—of course that is only my opinion. Officer McDonald next took the witness stand, and then Special Constable Slinger, whose evidence seemed to impress me as being in favor of the Army. Among other things, he stated there was ample room for people to go by, and all the rights that wanted to pass could do so. What surprised me was when he stated the arrest was made on Gerrish street. How was a contradiction at once against the evidence of Officer Smith, and the court seemed to feel matters were getting weak for the prosecution. Special Constable Russell then gave evidence, and after cross-examining him the evidence for the prosecution closed. The counsel for the prisoner moved that the case be dismissed, bringing three points whereupon he thought His Worship should acquiesce. His Honor desired evidence for the defense, and Brigadier Scott was called to take the witness stand. His evidence was so straightforward and clear that no cross-examination was considered necessary. Other witnesses also swore that Ensign Watson did not stand in the street, and that there could not have been more than two minutes from the time that Ensign Watson raised his hand to signal the drum to cease beating until he made an announcement until he was arrested. It was clearly proven that the arrest had been made while Mr. Watson was walking, also that the arrest was made on Gerrish street, and that there had been no circle formed and had made.

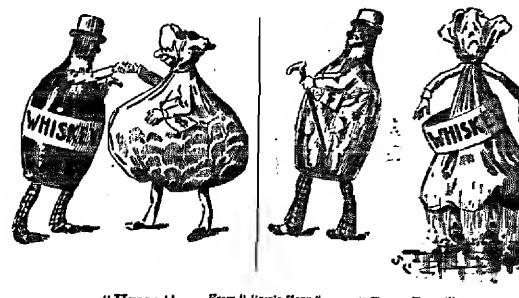
Upon hearing the evidence of several witnesses, the magistrate decided to dismiss the case. Whatever may have been the difficulty heretofore, it was plain that the Army had kept within bounds, in this case at any rate. From all I can learn of the Army, they do not wish to oppose any authority, but having been in Windsor for eight or nine years, they seem at a loss to understand some of the authorities' actions towards them at the time. Then, again, the authorities feel that they have a right to enforce any by-law they wish. I understand an appeal has been entered, which will come off in the County Assizes.

I am afraid, dear sir, that I have trespassed upon your space, but trust you will find room in your paper for this matter, which will, no doubt, be of interest to those who peruse your columns.

God is always on the side of a man who does right and has to suffer for it.

The right kind of a Christian will not forget that he is an ambassador for Christ.

The Balance Sheet for 1894 is on sale at the Army's Trade Department, Toronto. Price 5 Cents.



EVERY SOLDIER OF CHRIST, BE READY!



65 Miles Closer at Kingston—A Running Commentary by One of the Boys.

LEAVING OGDENSBURG, we manage to carry a crow with us, so that now we have a bird, pigeon and crow. In a very short time our noble craft is tied alongside of.

Prescott

wharf, and we soon leave the town up with music.

Next day found us serenading the principal business men, finally landing at the Daniels House. "Sammy" goes in, and the proprietor takes him for the Commodore, gives him a quarter; but "Pete, Captain!" he says, "couldn't I have you boys for supper to-night?" "I'll see," says Sammy. Out he comes, Adjutant consents, we disperse, meet at 5:30 p.m., and twelve of us, including Captain Mofat and Lieutenant Spriggs, get a grand reception from the lady of the house. All ready! Is we march to dining hall, seated for fourteen, not a blessing, then work is commenced. Now, we all know why we're here. Lieutenant is keeping reading as that there is a meeting to-night. However, we finish after the proprietor himself has waited upon us, and of course we have no time to lose, so we form up outside and play him a tune for his kindness. Then off to meeting, where we have a good time.

—:—

"Meet at seven in the morning, boys!" All ready, off we go for

Cornwall,

with a pilot on board, and descend the rapids. My, what a beautiful night! By one o'clock we arrive at Cornwall. Cheered by the factory buds and lasses, for whom we play a tune. First night, lightning and wild rifle, with rain; poor crowd, but better next night.

—:—

Off we go. Another pilot. Girls and boys cheering us from factory as we play.

Montreal.

Hello! Here! Staff-Capt. McMillan and Ensign McNaughton. Come on, boys. Joe Beef for tea. Fried eggs? Yes. All take car to Point St. Charles, including lolly Jack Tars from H.M.S. Minclemons. My, what a beautiful meeting!

No! Saturday and Sunday. Benignant meetings. Nice openair at Joe Beef's. Best attention, two bands; music, music, no end of it! Special collections made good. Monday night's meeting was a beauty, the people giving over six dollars for a new flag for the yacht. One young fellow gave a dollar, so he paid for four or five of the boys uppers at a restaurant, instead of going to a

position to start at 11 to-night, boys, for we'll have to travel all night to get to Morrisburg.

"Let your stern line go, Gibson." Our boat looks like a cork up against the big ocean liner. Good-bye, Montreal. Toot, toot, toot, our skipper is getting anxious. Open that bridge! The Adjutant paces the deck most all night, like a faithful Commodore, while Captain Bill sits wrapped in a rug on deck, ready for any emergency, and Trevo stands by the lead-line with a big overcoat on, like an old suit, with the "rising son of Nutmeg" at the stern-line ready to obey any command. Night wears away; 4 a.m. almost out of canal, when far, far goes something.

"On a Rock!"

Yells Gibson, the first mate, who had been doing away on shelf in the cook-house. Up spring the rest of the boys; boots on, and a scramble on deck to find that we had only run over a buoy and broken our propeller, so when we got tied up to another

boat, we all tried to sleep till day-break.

Day-light, off again, landing at

Morrisburg

In the afternoon, where we had another good time. Off again at seven next morning to Klugton big meetings. Trevo and Teddy almost left. Stopped away all day. Darkness came on. By this time we were opposite Clayton, so we must have a tune from the band, after which the lights of Kingston are in view, and in an hour or so we are at

Kingston

again, to hear the sad news that we were to disperse. Good-bye, boys. Tears in their eyes. Sammy and it is like breaking up home. But God has us to train, so we must be left by ourselves often.

—:—

We have been a cheer and help to corps and officers, and may have dropped words that may yet bring forth fruit unto eternal life. We are, while at Alexander Bay, still that we could have no open-air, but I suppose there were hundred of listeners out of the windows, etc. of the two large hotels there, people from all over the States, and how do we know but what some hearts were touched as we stood, and played, and sung under the gulf of the electric lights?

A RESULT OF, AND A REASON FOR SELF-DENIAL.

Why Jim Didn't Go to the Show.

She said in regard to heaven: "We'd try to learn it's worth By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth."

—Bill Conlon, in "Baby and I are in"

Jim

Jim was a typical specimen of a backwoodsman—tall, thin and thin, but well-built and strong. He had been reared upon the farm, and most of his life had been spent in the rough role of a farmer, man in summer and wood-chopper in winter. He had not yet place of abode called home, but boarded around and shifted as best he could. If he got off on a spree and lost his place—which, by the way, was a frequent occurrence—he would hunt up another farmer who wanted a man and hire out again, or wait until chopping time.

Het

He had a wife—a patient, pale-faced creature—who followed him in all his wanderings, and clung to him despite his many sprees and shiftings with the same tenacity with which the ivy clings to the wall.

Her real name I never knew; when Jim addressed her it was, "Het, get this!" or "Het, get that!" The farmers with whom they hired out generally called her "Het, Jim's wife."

Sometimes Jim found it rather difficult to get a place on account of his wife and family, but he would persuade the employer to take Het as a maid-of-all-work.

"Het's a world's a whistler in house-work," would say, "and the boys ain't no trouble—she's a nice wife."

Well they might be for it had been their unfortunate lot to be disengaged over by erratic, shiftless old women such as one can occasionally find; those who have forgotten they also were not at one time mischievous children.

But I am going astray with my tale. Just before the opening of my narrative Jim had lost his job thro' a squire, and accordingly Het and the boys were homeless.

"Jim," said Het, when he was uttering loud imprecations against the fate that had de creed him such hard luck, "let's go to town, an' perhaps you might get a job on the outside of the mines."

Jim turned upon her like an enraged beast. "Go to town, eh, an' work at the mines? Oh, oh, my life gal, an' where'd you an' the youngsters go, eh?"

Jim paled and cowered before her questioner, great tears filled her eyes, and a heavy sob escaped her.

"Jim," she said, lifting her tear-stained face and looking steadfastly at him, "I thought perhaps we might rent a few rooms and have a little home to ourselves."

"Oh go away, Het, what ye dreamin' about? Where'd a fellow get brass enough to set up a housekeepin'?"

"But we have got to do something, Jim; and I do wish you'd get work in town. I so hate being hired out, and always in another family. I've done with it, so there!" sobbed Het, as she stamped her foot and burst into tears.

Three Rooms.

Soon after this we find Jim and Het in town house-hunting. They soon found three rooms—"plenty good enough for the likes of us," as Jim put it. The rooms had formerly been attached to a low drinking saloon, and were situated upon an almost impossible alley.

Jim purchased a make-shift stove at a second-hand store, and some other articles they could not well get along without, paying for the same with his last wages, which he received when discharged from his last place.

—*— While she was pouring the hot water from the kettle upon the tea, Jim pulled one of the chairs from the table and seated himself near the stove, lifting his chair back, and placing his feet upon the edge of the oven. He pushed his hand into the depths of his pocket and drew out his knife and half a plug of tobacco. After cutting off a "good chaw" and dropping the same in his mouth, he commenced:

A Spiffin Show.

"Say, Het, there's a show down-

town ter-night. What d'yer say 'bout a golin', eh? It's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Het—a spiffin' play."

"Those boys, Jim; what shall we do with them? And then it will cost so much, Jim, and we can't afford it."

"Pahaw, Het, what on earth makes 'em so overanxious? I got a chunk o' ole 'oman, and I'm just the jump what's goin' in ter get it. I am, now, truce I live, Het, I'm goin' to stiddy right down. See el I don't! Say, will ye go, Het? Put the young 'uns to bed."

"—*—" Het began Jim again, as he emptied his pipe into the store, and carefully placed it upon the mantel beside the clock. "Say! ain't ya made up yer mind yet? Come, Het! let's go down and see the parade; they're a-going to have one at half-past seven."

After much persuasion, Het agreed to go and see the parade, but not to the theatre. Het donned her best, which indeed was very poor, and started out with Jim toward the centre of the city. Upon reaching the main street, Jim again began to coax her to attend the play, but Het was determined.

They had not gone far when the parade put in its appearance. Jim was profuse with his remarks and bets as to the grandness of the show.

Het once or twice feebly protested: "Don't talk so loud, Jim." But Jim was not so easily subdued; he was bent upon persuading her to accompany him to the show.

Het lingered, and ventured every excuse she could imagine; Jim, with his ready wit, met each with a crushingly retort.

While standing upon the corner, debating as to whether they should go home or not, the lively strains of a band of music came up the street caught and held their attention. "I 'clare them 'ere show chaps are a-comin' back agin," ejaculated Jim. "See, they are a-stoppin' to play in the square! let's go and see 'em."

A "Free" Show.

Jim hurried across the street and through the square. Het following as best she could. When Jim reached the outskirts of the crowd he straightened himself and craned his neck to get a good view of the troupe. Het soon was at his side. Jim, not being satisfied with so distant a view, elbowed his way through the crowd, pulling Het after him, until his full form was alongside that of the bass-drummer. Jim crowded and pushed until he made room for Het at his side. The good-natured drummer, when he saw Het, moved forward so as to give her plenty of room outside the range of his drumstick, bowing and smiling as he did so. Jim enjoyed the music—it was plain to be seen by his face. "Fine tune they are playin', Het; guess it is another show."

The merry drummer caught the words just as the band was finishing the piece.

"This is the Salvation Army, sir," he smilingly said, as he turned to Jim, and then proceeded to clap his hands in unison with the chorus which was being sung by the soldiers and bandsmen.

Jim and Het listened attentively through the whole service, and when it closed followed with the crowd to the hall. It took some persuasion to induce Jim to ascend the stairs into the Army hall, but Het had the saving of fifty cents in view.

"This won't cost anything, Jim," said the man with the spectacles, "I said it was free, and if we go to the show it will cost us half a dollar at least for the two of us."

Jim yielded, and as they were singing the first song Jim and Het entered and took seats in the rear of the hall.

"Come," said the spectacled young man, who was apparently the leader, "you are not half-singin'; everybody feel right at home, and help us to sing. I will give you the words: 'We'll all shout "Hallelujah."

As we march along the way,
We will sing our Saviour's love
With the shining hosts above,
And with them we'll be happy all the day."

Jim's enthusiasm roused itself. "I say, Het, is the grand, af't it? I'm goin' up to the front seats," he whispered. Before Het could fairly comprehend what he said, Jim's tall form was half-way down the aisle. Het quickly picked up Jim's hat, which he fit his forgetfulness had left behind, and followed him to the second seat from the front.

As the service continued, Jim and Het became deeply interested; never before had they been in such a religious service. The joyful, free-hearted nature of the soldiers, their spontaneous and original "speeches," completely entranced Jim.

Het, when at home, had attended the quiet country church with her parents, but when she married Jim, the birds and her church days ended. Jim would say, "The former what we plows driv' his men jest as much as them that wain't, and plows fellow are so plaguey hard to get on with; if you get a little tight, or happen to curse the cattle, then they come a-down on ye like a hawk into the chicken yard. You don't ketch me n' harbourin' an' upholding no such nonsense as plety." Therefore, Het and the boys were not allowed to indulge in anything "plow."

In the after-meeting the captain came and laid his hands upon Jim's shoulder, asking pleasantly:

"Are you serving God, my brother?"

Jim was surprised at this audacity. "Me," he stammered, "me servin' God? No, sir; you'd better go an' talk to the old 'woman'."

Het Joins 'Em.

The Captain, nothing daunted by the man's apparent carelessness, endeavored to persuade him to become a Christian, until, seeing it was useless, he turned to Het, who had been an interested listener to the dialogue which had passed between the Captain and Jim. Could it be possible that she could even become so happy as these people said they were? Could she become as good? Could Jim be made into a good man—a sober man—an honest man? Oh, how happy their home would be! God had done these things for these people, so they said; why, then, could He not do the same for Jim and her? These thoughts, with hundreds of others, were passing through her mind. Tired and sick of a life of sin, not so much upon her part, but upon Jim's part, she was trembling when the Captain spoke to her, and when she would answer, she broke down and sobbed hysterically. The Captain waited near her until she had somewhat composed herself, and as she was wiping her tear-stained face with the corner of her old gray shawl, he asked her again if she would not decide that night. Het looked at Jim appealingly, but he sat rigid as marble, his eyes upon one knee and his chin resting in his hand; seeing Jim took no notice of her, she replied in the affirmative to the Captain's repetition of the question, and went out to the mercury.

* Jim, the next morning, as he was preparing to go in search of work, remarked, in unostentatious way, as he stood at the door: "Well, Het, seein' you got religion, I suppose I got ter chirp up, or I'll be gettin' preached at." Noon-time brought Jim home, carrying a few small bundles of necessary victuals. He brought no very encouraging report to his anxious wife; he had earned a solitary half-dollar by chance, but could find no steady job. After a frugal dinner he started out again, only to return at dusk tired, unsuccessful and despondent. After the supper was finished and the boys had been put to bed, Het ventured to ask Jim to accompany her again to the Army hall—a request to which he willingly acceded, much to her surprise.

Friday Night.

The Friday night service was not as enthusiastic as was the meeting of the previous night. Het thought that she had never in her life attended a better meeting; the simple, heart-felt words of the soldiers, the Bible reading and the simple expounding of the same by the Captain, was food indeed to her hungering soul—that brought life, hope and encouragement.

Jim sat through the service, staring vacantly into space, untouched, unmoved either by song or Scripture, but beneath his ragged vest raged a storm. The Spirit of God had moved upon the waters and said, "Let there be light."

And there was light.

The barriers cast up by the flesh, years of darkness and sin could not shut out that tiny ray. The darkened soul saw the light and comprehended it, hence the storm. The troubled soul cast up the mire and filth of past misdeeds, the sin of years, his tyrannical nature, and his evil habits. Never before had he allowed his mind to witness upon such themes; not even Het's oft-shed tears ever prompted such a reflection; he was a wicked man—yes, he was! He was more than wicked, he was cruel—cruel to his wife, his children—cruel to God and to himself.

The Captain, also one or two of the soldiers, spoke to him after the service, but he only unanswered curt and gruff, or was reticent.

Ruled.

When he arrived at home he stormed and raged as one heavily intoxicated, grumbled because the fire was out, swore at Het for taking him to the Army, and vowed what he would do if she ever went again. He spent the night in restless slumber, and when he left the house in the morning to search for work he was morose and sullen. Jim did not return at noon; in vain Het watched and waited, anxious for his return, yet half dreading it, for she feared that some saloon had proved too strong an attraction.

Het did not return until dusk, but he returned sober, though still cross and out of temper. Het did not dare question him as to why he had spent the day. After supper she undressed and put the boys to bed, singing softly to herself, while Jim sat beside the stove and smoked his pipe.

Silently she gathered up the boys' clothes. Seeing a rent in Robbie's coat, she got a needle and thread and began to sew, occasionally glancing at the clock.

Quarter-past half-past! but neither party spoke.

Het had almost finished her sewing when Jim hastily rose from his seat and walked to the door; opening it, he peered out into the darkness, then stood for a moment as though he was listening for something.

"Whatever's the matter, Jim?" queried Het, as she knotted the thread and broke it. "Well, Jim, Het! can't you hear the organ or music? Then Salvation folks are out a-marchin'. Guess I'll go down; want ter come along? Well, yes, I guess you'd better; 'cause we got ter have some fitties for tomorrow; it's Sunday, ye know, ter-morrer."

Surprised as Het was at the change in Jim's attitude toward the Salvation people, she lost no time in preparing herself to go with him again to the Army hall.

* * * How many women, aye, and men, too, there are who are carrying like burdens, to whom life is only drudgery and toil, whose thoughts are continually upon this world, and how to exist, whose brows are furrowed by wrinkles, ploughed and deepened by brooding over the future—the duties and needs of to-morrow. These hearts are being made callous, even, being petrified for the want of love. What? Money? No! Emotions? No! but for the want of Love; not the sentimental love of the novelist, nor yet the fickle love that is human, but for that love—nif other excelling—the love that helps us bear one another's burdens; love that "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

Saved.

Jim and Het enjoyed the service at the hall; it was one bubbling over with salvation joy, but before Jim left the hall that night he was counted one amongst the seekers at the mercy-seat.

When Jim went forward Het was almost overcome with joy. Jim was going to be good—yes, he was, at last! Happy, happy thought—now they would have a happy home!

Godliness Profitable, etc.

Late in the summer I again visited N——. My first thought as soon as I arrived in the city was to call upon

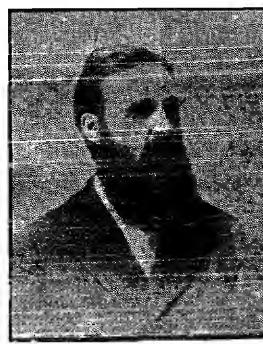
on Jim and Het. I went to the old place, but it was closed and tenantless. I inquired of a neighbor if she knew where the former occupants had gone.

"Them folks what joined the Salvation, they'mon? Oh, them folks got too much to live in a hole like that, and I don't blame 'em neither, as they's the man kepp' sober; wish my man was. They moved out onto C— street com'ers."

After some more inquiry I found them and received a cordial welcome. Their new home was poor, it is true, and plain; but the sunshine that streamed into the room through the white cotton curtain that hung over the window seemed to intensify the neatness of the place.

"We are so happy!" retorted Het, when I asked her how she was getting along. "We have named our baby after Captain A—'s little boy. Jim's just as good as he can be, and we go to meeting, and the boys go to school."

—J. Edwin Fletcher, in the Methodist Magazine.



W. W. Buchanan

A GREAT EDUCATOR is "The Temper Quarterly," just to hand from Editor Buchanan of Hamilton. This paper has at its head the official declaration that "applied Christianity will purify politics, destroy monopolies, wipe out class privileges, and establish the brotherhood of man." It has for its standard text the following: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." That the Quarterly is radical enough will be seen from the fact that a copy of the War Cry frontispiece, which excited so much talk, viz., "Canada's foolish flirtation with the drink," gets a prominent place in its pages. We sincerely wish the paper well and hope it may have much pleasure in furnishing our readers with a cut of the worthy editor, who is a permanent friend of the Salvation Army, and not afraid to speak up and out on its behalf.

From Griffin.

We have had a happy week indeed. On Wednesday night, on account of the heavy rainstorm, our audience consisted of 25 boys and but one female. The Ensign requested the boys when asking for the collection, to give him enough money to buy two brooms for the barracks. The boys did not have the change this night, but said they would get us the brooms. So next night, while Ensign was giving out the first song, four boys marched up the aisle, three having new brooms, and one little lad following with the old broom. They set them down in front of the platform, then took their seats. It was comical indeed, but their kindness is truly appreciated. The pastor pre-tem, Major Hay, made a little speech thanking them for their brooms, and called upon all the soldiers who were thinking to stand, and all stood and fired a rousing volley. The subject of the meeting was "What Care I?" which had a good effect. The next night three souls came forward, two for the blessing of a clean heart and one for salvation. All got liberty, and we are believing for more to follow. —Your comrade, Griffin.



PROMOTIONS

ENSIGN GAGE, D. O. Halifax District, to be ADJUTANT.

Captain Lacey, of Parry Sound, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Fletcher, of Montreal Social Work, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Norell, Special Work Eastern Province, to be Captain.

Captain Stevenson, of Montreal Social Work, to be Lieutenant.

Captain Thompson, of Montreal Social Work, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Mrs. Major Jester, on furlough, to be D. O.

in the Edward Island District.

STAFF-CAPTAIS **McMILLAN**, of Montreal Social Work, to femalera Headquarters' Social Work.

ADJUTANT GAGE, D. O. Halifax District, to be Adjutant to Brigadier Scott, Eastern Province.

ADJUTANT TAYLOR, on furlough, to the command of London Social Work.

ADJUTANT McGILLIVRAY, of the Naval Brigade, to be District Officer, St. John District.

ENSIGN COOMBS, D. O. Fredericton District, to be a member of Montreal Social Work.

ENSIGN TILLEY, on furlough, to be District Officer, Charlottetown, N. B., District.

ENSIGN COOMBS, St. John, N. B., District, to be D. O., St. John District.

ENSIGN CREAMER, D. O., St. Stephen District, to be D. O. St. John District.

ENSIGN BRADLEY, D. O., Moncton District, to be D. O. St. John District.

ENSIGN MATTHEWS, D. O., Charlottetown, N. B., District, to be D. O., St. John District.

ENSIGN GALT, D. O., Pictou Edward Island District, to be D. O., St. John District.

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THE CITADEL - City of Quebec.

QUEBEC QUOTA.

Quebec corps is not a corps. The meetings yesterday, Sunday, led by our beloved Ensign Mrs. Mitchell, were sessions of refreshment.

There was a large attendance at the evening meeting, especially of those who call themselves the better class of society. We were also pleased to again have with us several of the students of Mount Royal College, and hope they will soon see their way clear to take a deeper interest in our work here by putting their shoulder to the wheel and helping to "roll the old chariot along." But the best of all, the Master was with us. Two poor bachelors went their way to the foot of the stairs, determined to lay aside forever "the sins that have an easily beaten them." We are more than ever convinced that the long-looked-for revival that shall shake the old city and break down the false pride of our churches and

lodged organizations, will have its beginning in Quebec S. A. corps.

The coldness and indifference of Quebec evangelical churches is proverbial. Our great drawback here is a suitable building in which to hold our meetings.

The old barracks, in its present condition, is both

An Eye-Sore and Hindrance, no man who would come to our meetings, and also take part there, are kept away by its dilapidated and unhealthy condition.

Widely scattered are yet bright days in store for Quebec.

Cannot you, dear old War Cry, prevail upon some of your wealthy Ontario auxiliaries to come over and help us in providing a suitable habitation for the Master?

As a corps we are helpless to do more than meet current expenses. "Arise, O God, to the help of Zion against the mighty." "Brethren, pray for us." "Nil Desperandum," an Auxiliary.

Multum in Parvo.

AMHERST.—God is giving us victory. H. F. \$20 over target. Three miles in the fountain, three enrolled, and child dedicated. Officers farewelled—C. D. Norton for Capt. Boggs.

A Splendid Catch.

PERTH.—A week ago a terrible drunkard, who has been drinking for thirty years, came forward and sought God, and has since proved his sincerity by attending knee-drill twice besides attending week-night meetings inside and out. Our Sunday night meeting was one of power and blessing.—People and Bios, C. O. A.

A Wedding on Sunday Night.

LISGAR STREET.—A little church wedding at Lisgar Street Sunday night. A man and wife re-united after being separated through drink for some time. Two weeks ago a few soldiers marched to O'Hara avenue for an open-air meeting. Two drunken men staggered to the drum. Praise God for ever. He saved them right there and then. Last night the wife of one sought Jesus and was united to Christ, and her husband renounced her. Glory to God for ever! Our converts are coming along beautifully since—S. C. Mrs. Stickels.

A Farewell and Welcome.

St. Thomas soldiers are fighting for God with all their might. The Harvest Festival effort has proved a great success. The soldiers believe in united action, which can be seen in the following figures: Our target was \$50. The Junior corps, with Mrs. J. B. Bergel-Major, as leader, volunteered to raise \$10; the senior corps, \$25; the Captain, \$15; total, \$50. The Junior corps raised \$18.02; the senior corps, \$31.95; the Captain, \$16, making the total \$60.90. Fine a victory! I had just sent the H. F. money to Headquarters, and before I left the office received farewell orders, after which the young fighters God has truly stood by us. Our dear precious souls come to Christ and found freedom. Quite a number have become soldiers and are fighting for God to the Army. One dear brother has gone to be with Jesus. We use the all glory and praise to God. We are now fighting among our Strathearn comrades, and we mean to spend and be spent for God and fallen humanity.—Captains and Mrs. Wakefield.

CARIBOON, N.Y.—Since last report two souls have professed salvation, one of them at the outpost Victoria village. Still signs of good times. Converts coming home from Labrador with the blood-and-fire spirit. We are enthusiastic over the Commandant's visit to the Island.—Capt. Geo. Thompson and Cadet J. Ford.

LISTOWEL.—Crowds and collections looking up. Two souls since coming home. Jesus answering prayer.—Lieut. Barker for Capt. Andrews.

TRADE DEPARTMENT!

General Trade Rules:

- I.—Write your name and address distinct and in full.
- II.—Give full particulars about goods desired; for instance, Caps, state size or Bonnets, state size and quality, etc.
- III.—Send cash with all orders, and postage if value of order is less than one dollar.
- IV.—To Oshawa and Galt we pay postage and expressage on all orders over one dollar, except single Caps and Garrison Bonnets.
- V.—We do not pay expressage on Tailoring goods, wools or cut-fine pieces.
- VI.—All orders are to be paid for in full or part of order, the balance in the latter instance will be collected O. O. D., unless sent to us before goods are shipped.
- VII.—Make all post office orders or cheques payable to Herbert H. Booth.
- VIII.—Prices may vary in the Eastern and Western Provinces, owing to distance.



CABINET PHOTOS OF COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH.

25 Cents Each.

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For the	Winter.	\$1. \$1.30,
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